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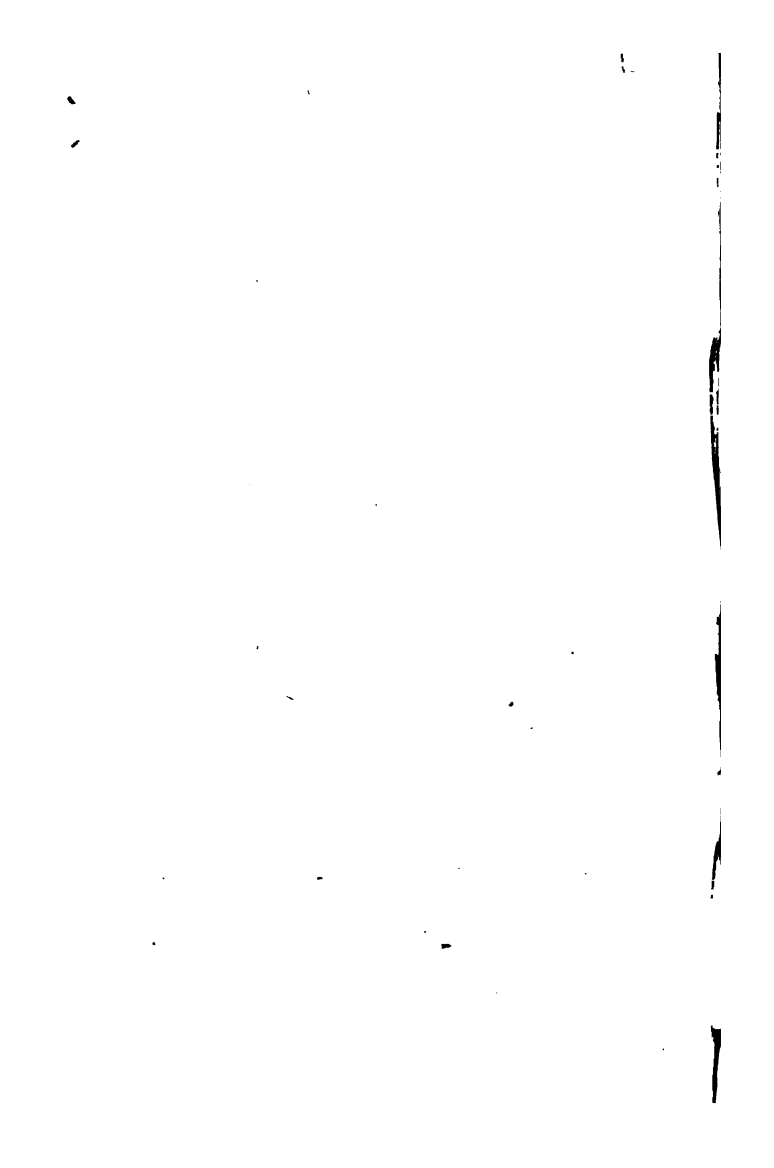
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ELIZABETH M. AKERMAN.

*"Read your Bibles,—be much in Prayer,  
and love the Savior." . . . . Elizabeth's Message.*

**SUPERINTENDENT'S**  
**O F F E R I N G ;**  
**BEING A**  
**B R I E F M E M O I R**  
**OF TWO SCHOLARS**

**IN THE**  
**MASON STREET SABBATH SCHOOL, BOSTON,**

*Who died Aug. and Sept., 1836.*

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**BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.**

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**REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.**

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TO  
THE MEMBERS OF  
MASON STREET SABBATH SCHOOL,  
IN BOSTON,  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME,  
GIVING AN ACCOUNT, DELIVERED IN THEIR HEARING, OF TWO OF  
THEIR ASSOCIATES, WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN REMOVED  
BY DEATH,  
IS DEDICATED  
BY THEIR  
AFFECTIONATE FRIEND AND SUPERINTENDENT,

S. H. W.

Boston, January 1, 1837.



## PREFACE.

---

IN presenting the following pages to my young friends, I am not unmindful of the truth conveyed in the following remarks, from the pen of a distinguished and discriminating author of the present day.\* He observes:—"In our religious obituaries, there is too great an insertion of at least one kind of peaceful and happy deaths. I mean those deaths *with* which the life has no correspondence,—*for* which it is no preparation,—and *of* which it yields no

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\* Rev. Wm. Jay.

reasonable hope. \* \* \* \* It becomes us, in many instances, to rejoice, not only with trembling, but with silence ; and to remember, that the evidences which encourage us, must be, from the very nature of the case, dubious. We ought to remember, that ‘light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart ;’ and that we are to ‘run the race set before us, in order to reach the prize of our high calling ;’ and that the frequent exhibition of careless, worldly, wicked lives being closed with a work of grace, will have a tendency to prevent a salutary fear, and to keep alive a presumptuous hope.”

If I did not conscientiously believe that the instances which follow, are exceptions in the present case,—whatever might be my private feelings and attachments,—I should never consent

to give you these Memoirs, in the form they now assume.

My conviction of their usefulness,—particularly with reference to the members of the school with which the deceased individuals were connected,—is confirmed by the opinion of those on whose judgment I rely more than upon my own. But, perhaps, it may be well, to improve this opportunity, in reminding the youth, who may read these pages, of the imminent hazard to which they are exposed, in neglecting the call of love, till the opening realities of eternity make it a call of terror. My young friends, it is in this way you fail to illustrate that “religion is a thing to live by, as well as to die by;”—you lose the opportunity of exerting a healthy, extensive, and most salutary influence among your companions;—you allow yourselves but a very short

and uncertain season for preparation in the great concern of death; and if, through rich and infinite grace, you are saved yourselves, you go, as it were, alone into heaven, instead of being the instruments,—as you would in all probability be,—of winning others into the path of glory, and having an abundant entrance ministered unto you, into the everlasting kingdom of your Redeemer.

In the instances we are about to consider, how many advantages these youth had for becoming acquainted with truth, and for having their last days and hours employed, through the friends around them, in an appropriate and useful manner, which, in ordinary cases, are not enjoyed! How many diseases are there, which distract the mind with pain and delirium, so that it cannot call in its thoughts for the solemn work of preparation for death!

And how many are hurried, by sudden accident, into the presence of an angry God! And then, the thought should never be forgotten, that, though at the eleventh hour you may become fitted to shine as a glorified spirit in heaven, yet the evil you must inevitably have done, by continuing, till nearly the end of life, in a state of impenitence, is as active and as everlasting as your praises! Never forget, that every one who acts a part in the great drama of life, leaves, at his departure, an impression and an influence more or less extensive and lasting. The grave of the peasant and the mausoleum of the prince are alike vocal. On each may be inscribed,—

“HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.”

Be watchful, then, my dear young friends, from day to day, and strive



that your example may be such that generations to come, over which your life may exert an important and ever-growing influence, may have abundant occasion to bless God that you ever lived upon the earth, and that you transmitted to them a fame pure as the dew-drop, and imperishable as the throne of God.

And now, if the SPIRIT OF GOD shall condescend to make these pages instrumental in awakening the attention of a single youth to the great concerns of eternity, and leading him, as a humble penitent, to the cross of Christ, my humble labors will be richly rewarded.

# MEMOIR

OF

TIMOTHY S. CUMMINGS.

---

DEATH is at all times a solemn thing ; and the command, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD," must fill every mind with solemn awe. But to one who has made his peace with GOD, through the blood of JESUS CHRIST, and has, by true repentance of sin and a cordial belief in the Savior, cast himself on the Divine mercy, death is usually met with holy composure,—frequently with joy and triumph. And why should it not be so? It is the gate through which we enter our Father's house on high ; the messenger which conveys us to a Savior's arms,—which places us beside the still waters, and in the green pastures of the heavenly Canaan.

These remarks have been suggested by the recent death of TIMOTHY S. CUMMINGS, who was, for about twelve years, a member of this school, and for several of the latter years, connected with our Bible class. He had attained the age of twenty; and by his domestic habits, his filial respect and affection, his industry and faithful attention to the concerns of one of our most respectable mercantile establishments, had secured the friendship and warm attachment of a wide circle of friends.

Thanks be to GOD, the last end of our young friend was peace,—*emphatically peace!* He had felt the bitterness of sin, and loathed and hated it. The provisions of the Gospel were exactly adapted to his necessities, and he embraced them; the compassion of his heavenly Father he saw and admired,—the condescension and kindness of the Savior he felt and rejoiced in. And how did he arrive at this state of mind? By admitting the claims of GOD,—by perceiving the value of Christ's atonement for the sins of a guilty world,—by giving his affections to the Savior, and by using the little residue of life in speaking well

of Him who has bought us with his blood, and urging those about him to "flee," as he had done, "to the hope set before them in the Gospel."

I had heard nothing of the sickness of Cummings, till Sabbath, the 14th of August last, one of his young companions in the Bible class informed me of it. He had been absent in the country for about three months, and had just returned; but it seems without any improvement of health. His complaint was on the lungs. I called to see him on the afternoon of Monday, the 15th of August. He had been, for several years, in my Bible class, before I took the superintendence of this school. He appeared pleased to see me, though he conversed but little. He said he had been more comfortable that day,—that he was improving,—and that his disease was not seated. When I first saw him, I thought I perceived that death had marked him for an early victim, and I wished to have him take a right view of his situation, as soon as possible. I knew it was the wish of his mother; and, accordingly, in the gentlest and most prudent

way I could devise,—looking to God for a blessing on what I might say,—I observed to him, that his disease was a very flattering one, as he must know ; and that if it was consumption, as he apprehended, he must be sensible that it would baffle all medical skill ;—but, at any rate, whether this was or was not to be his last sickness, it was the part of wisdom to prepare for what might take place ; and a good hope of heaven, and the favor of God, would be infinitely desirable, let the issue be as it might.

I told him I had always felt a deep interest in him, and wished to see him safe for eternity, and building upon the rock Christ Jesus ; that I had heard, with great pleasure, of his exemplary and correct moral conduct ; but that he must remember this was not religion,—this would not, by itself alone, save his soul. The account of the rich young man, in the Gospel, would prove this. I spoke of the beauty and simplicity of the gospel scheme,—of its perfect adaptation to our wants as sinners, and of the infinite importance of his closing now with the offer of Heaven. I asked him, if God

should think best to call him out of the world by this sickness, whether he was ready to leave? He said, "he was not." I replied, "how amazingly important, then, is it, that you should give attention to this concern now!" This consideration I pressed very affectionately and earnestly, and left him soon afterwards. He thanked me for the call with much cordiality, and requested me to repeat my visit. On the 20th of August (Saturday), I wrote him a few lines, and sent him a couple of little articles, that I thought might direct his mind, and be better, for a day or two, than conversation. On the next day (Sabbath), his mother sent for me, at the Sabbath school-room, to call upon him after divine service in the afternoon. Upon visiting him, I found him much reduced. He had ridden a short distance. At his mother's desire, I read a few verses from *Acts*, 7: 16—34, and prayed with him. His mind was still dark. His physician had told him his danger, and he had given up his expectation of life. His mother told me she believed that religion now occupied his thoughts, and that his mind was dwelling upon it.

Intending to leave the city for Northampton, on Tuesday morning, for a few days, I gave him such counsels as I was able, begging him to look away from every thing earthly, and to fix his thoughts and views on the great scenes that were so soon to open upon him. I promised, also, to see him immediately on my return.

On Monday morning, August 22d, his mother sent for me to see him, as his mind was much distressed. I called at about 12 o'clock at noon, and told him that I could not leave the city without once more seeing him; and that I wished him to be frank with me, and tell me just how he felt in his mind. He looked at me with great earnestness and solemnity, and said, "Mr. W., it is too late for me,—I fear it is too late. I have grieved away the Holy Spirit." I replied, "Perhaps not. Your apprehensions and grief, in view of such a thing, are very favorable indications that, so far from having grieved Him away, He is striving with you, and desirous to become, in your own experience, the *blessed Comforter*." I asked him, "do you not feel sorrow for sin?"

Do you not see the loveliness of the Savior? and do you not wish his favor and friendship?" "O'yes," he replied; "but I am afraid the Savior will not receive me." I then referred to the case of a tender earthly parent who had been always kind,—but from whom a child had unnaturally and ungratefully broken away;—if he saw this child returning with penitence, and the most humble acknowledgements,—willing to submit to any discipline the father might think proper to impose,—wishing only to be restored to his favor, and ready to take the lowest place in his family: I asked him whether he did not think such a parent would be willing to receive the prodigal child, —whether he would not let the rod fall from his hand, and say, "*It is enough, my child; I have accomplished my object. My child is dear to me as before; and my Will, which disinherited him, shall be destroyed. He is my child still, and I will cordially take him to my arms.*" "O yes," he said. "Then," I observed, "will not God receive the true penitent, who comes to him, believing in Christ, pleading his merits, and laying low at his



feet?" He assented, and appeared much softened in the view of God's mercy and forbearance, as though he had never regarded Him in this light before. Immediately he dropped on his knees, by the sofa, and cried, with deep feeling, "God be merciful to me a sinner! Pity me, O God! forgive my many sins! O, how have I offended against the good God! I have sinned, I have done foolishly. I deserve thy displeasure. But do not cast me away. O, hear me, for Christ's sake, and save my soul!" After a few more petitions like these, he ceased. And I kneeled at his side, and supplicated for him anew the blessings he had asked,—imploping the life-giving, and refreshing, and enlightening influences of the HOLY SPIRIT, at this most interesting moment. While I was speaking, he cried out, "I think light is coming into my mind. I think I see something of heaven; I feel as if all was not lost." After we rose, I conversed with him for some time,—read to him a number of passages of Scripture, and placed them on paper for him to look at, when I was gone. I told him that I had a strong

faith that he would be a child of God, and an heir of heaven,—and gave him as many cautions and counsels as I was able, that he might be saved from self-deception, and the suggestions of the great adversary of souls. The hour of two had arrived, and as I was to leave the city the next day, I was obliged to bid him farewell. He took me by the hand, and said, “You are one of my best friends. I want you to be with me all the time.” Just as I was leaving, he asked me, with great emphasis, “Do you think I shall be a Christian?” He begged me to call and see him once more before I left the city, and wished I would get some Christian friend to call and converse, while I was absent. “Do talk to me,” says he, “all the time about these things. I have not many days to live. I must think only of my soul. I don’t want to hear any thing, or see any thing, that will divert my mind from this great work.” His mother appeared to be doing something at the table, with reference to some fruit, sent by a friend. He said, “Mother, I don’t want to attend to any thing worldly.” He said to me, “You remember I spoke

to you about my grieving away the Holy Spirit. I knew the particular time when I thought I did so. I was invited to a party, at a time when my mind was quite serious (a time of revival in this city, in 1831). I did not want to go, but the friends were those I could hardly refuse, and they urged me very strongly. *I felt it was wrong to go.* MY CONSCIENCE TOLD ME, VERY LOUDLY, THAT I WAS DOING WRONG. Yet I went, and from that day my serious feelings began to subside, and I have not, till now, been anxious about my soul." I referred to several passages of Scripture in relation to this subject, and explained to him, as I was able, those which appeared to trouble him. I left him in some degree tranquilized, and saw him for a few minutes again in the afternoon. He begged me to return from Northampton as soon as I could; and I left him with his mind dwelling on the momentous business of his salvation, with great earnestness, and I thought with new and encouraging views.

I wrote him a few lines from Northampton, designed to fix his mind as regarded several

subjects of our conversation, and presenting him some questions for self-examination. This I found, on my return, he had read over several times. I returned on Friday evening, and on Saturday morning, the 27th of August, called upon him. He was much weaker than when I saw him last. He was in bed, and spoke with difficulty, and but little. I asked his mother how he had been since I saw him on Monday,—meaning in relation to the body. “About the same,” she replied. Timothy said immediately, “*as regards the body.*” “But, Mr. W.,” says he, “I have lost the burden from my mind. It is gone. I think I am not deceived;”—referring, I supposed, to the questions proposed in my letter. I had requested my son to see him in my absence. He called upon him on Thursday, and Timothy spoke to his mother of the subject of my son’s remarks (the doctrine of the atonement), and appeared to derive light and comfort from the view he took of it.

His faith seemed steady, and his hope bright and strong. He wished me to pray with him. I told him, as I was leaving, I would endeavor

to see him on the morrow. He said, "don't fail." I had told him, in a previous conversation, that he could, even now, in his sick room, honor his Savior, and promote his cause; that the thief on the cross, bore a testimony to the purity, and innocence, and divinity of Christ, under peculiarly unfavorable circumstances. He said, "How can I?" I told him he could speak well of Him, who had done so much for his soul. He might say, with great effect, "Come, taste and see that the Lord is good,—blessed are all they that put their trust in him." I learned from his mother, that he afterwards used every opportunity to say a word, which he thought might be useful to his young friends and others, who called upon him,—urging them to pause in their course, and think of another world, and prepare for death.

To one young friend, whom he questioned with much solicitude, he gave particular and earnest counsel; and he received a promise from the person, that he would give attention to the concerns of his soul. This young friend has fulfilled his promise,—has seen the

glory of the Gospel,—has embraced the Savior, and is now enjoying a humble hope of having passed from death unto life.\*

On Sabbath, August 28th, after public worship in the afternoon, I called upon Timothy. Found him still weaker in body. He was in bed. He had ridden almost every day till this. I asked him how his mind was? He said, very distinctly, "happy." It was difficult for him to speak at all. He labored for breath,—was rather feverish, and his side was painful, from lying long in one position. I spoke to him of the nearness of heaven, and of the sweetness of that society he was soon to enjoy. He assented, and said he thought he could continue here but a little time. At his desire, I prayed with him, and left him at about 6 o'clock, P. M.

He continued very much as he had been, till Wednesday morning, about 8 o'clock,

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\* Since writing this, I learn that another instance has occurred of genuine conversion to God, in the case of a young female, with whom Timothy conversed a few days before his death. She ascribes her change of views and feelings, to his faithful, solemn conversation.

when his spirit was very gently disengaged from the body, and returned to Him who gave it;—returned, as I believe, to the bosom of his compassionate Redeemer, to spend an eternity in doing the will and celebrating the praises of his FATHER, REDEEMER and SANCTIFIER.

There are several useful lessons, that may be drawn from this brief account of our young friend.

FIRST. We are taught the value of Sabbath school instruction. For twelve years, he was attached to the Sabbath school, and was always the respectful, the attentive, and the affectionate scholar. To this, I can bear full testimony. His portions of Scripture were committed to memory. His questions were serious and pertinent,—his ear was always open to instruction,—and he was habitually punctual in his attendance. BELOVED PUPIL! I shall never again see you in that seat, where I have so often, when your immediate teacher, caught your inquiring eye, and listened to your interesting questions. But I will follow your spirit, to the abode of our common Father

in heaven, and will hope to join you there, never more to be separated!

SECOND. We learn the danger of trifling with convictions, and yielding to amusements,—which, under some circumstances, might be allowable,—when the mind is brought into a serious frame, and the SPIRIT OF GOD is evidently striving to impress it savingly with divine truth. *Probably, the greatest mental suffering of our young friend, after he “came to himself,” and saw what a God he had neglected,—what a Savior he had slighted, and what a holy Comforter he had grieved, arose from the thought, that he had indulged in the amusements of that one evening, when conscience, at the time, told him he was doing wrong.*

Oh! let the young bear this in mind; and when a serious thought presents itself, let them cherish it, as a precious gift of God, and fan the heavenly flame, instead of quenching it amid the follies and gaieties of the world. 'T is a tender visitant; and the gentle guest, grieved at the coldness of its reception, returns



to heaven, and bears a fearful account, to be recorded in God's great volume.

THIRDLY. We notice that the young Christian, immediately on seeing things clearly, is desirous that others may see what he does, and be as happy as he is. From the time Timothy began himself to indulge a hope, he ceased not to warn all who came to his bed-side, "to prepare to meet their God," knowing they could not be happy till they had made their peace with Him. And we see, in the instance of our young friend, what glorious results may arise from "the word spoken in due season." It is, indeed, "as a nail fastened in a sure place."

FOURTHLY. We learn that *amiable conduct and a correct moral life may exist where there is no true religion*. There can be no real religion, where there is not morality. But we see, continually, on every side, that there may be much morality without religion. From the time of the rich young ruler in the Gospel, to the present moment, there have been those amiable, lovely youths, that even the Savior,

beholding them merely as regards their external conduct, would have loved; yet, when probed, as was that young ruler, by the all-searching eye of CHRIST, would be found destitute of that supreme love to GOD, which is the end and essence of all true religion.

Cummings had been a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a kind friend. His mother does not remember the time when a word from her would not recal him instantly into the right way, when she found him deviating from it. A clerical friend, who resided in the family, assured me, some time since, before his sickness, that he had noticed his conduct for many months, and it was a model of propriety. Yet, we see, with all this amiableness of outward conduct, he felt himself to be a sinner,—he experienced the bitterness of transgression; and, casting himself upon the mere MERCY of *God in Christ*, without any mention of any thing he had done, as a ground of justification, cried, in great agony, “God be merciful to me a sinner!”

FIFTHLY, and lastly. We are taught the often repeated lesson, that *death may arrest*

*us at every age, and cut us down, with little or no warning.*

Less than three weeks since, Cummings thought his complaint not fixed, and that he was getting well. To-day, he is a tenant of the cold grave; and that body, which we used to see in yonder seat, young, and fair, and promising as any one here, is now in the narrow coffin,—in the land of darkness,—and soon to be the food of worms!

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—“In such an hour as ye think not, the SON OF MAN cometh.”——“I want but an hour to prepare for death,” said a presumptuous and thoughtless sinner once, who was determined to live in sin; and the next moment, by the immediate judgment of God, he was launched into eternity!

I seem to hear a voice from Cummings' grave, saying to each one of us, “*Prepare to meet thy God.*” And if his spirit could descend from the abodes of the blessed, and give us the counsel of heavenly wisdom, it would be the same lesson which proceeds from his grave: “*Prepare to meet thy God.*” Teachers! scholars! are we ready? Shall we not

be more faithful, more diligent than ever? Time is bearing us on fast to the judgment. The Judge is even now at the door. "What our hands find to do, let us do it with our might." These seats will soon be occupied by others. Our opportunities will all be gone. If they have been neglected, can we tell the misery which awaits us? If they have been improved, will all the ages of eternity be long enough to demonstrate the wisdom of our choice, and the blessedness of heaven?

## H Y M N S

SUNG AT

### MASON STREET SABBATH SCHOOL,

*On the Sabbath after the funeral of TIMOTHY S. CUMMINGS (a  
member of the Bible Class in Mason Street Sabbath School),  
who died, in the faith and hope of the Gospel, on  
Wednesday, August 31, 1836, aged 19.*

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“ Rejoice for a brother deceased ;  
Our loss is his infinite gain ;  
A soul out of prison released,  
And freed from his bodily chain.

With songs, let us follow his flight,  
And mount with his spirit above,  
Escaped to the mansions of light,  
And lodged in the Eden of love.

Our brother the haven hath gained,  
Out-flying the tempest and wind ;  
His rest he hath sooner obtained,  
And left his companions behind :

Still tossed on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more.

There all the blest company meet,  
Who went with the Savior beneath;  
With shouting, each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er trouble and death.

The voyage of life 's at an end;  
The mortal affliction is past;  
The age that in heaven they spend,  
For ever and ever shall last."

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Job xiv. 1.

"The days of man on earth are few,  
With troubles compassed round;  
The joys he vainly would pursue,  
Are lost as soon as found.

Man, like a fading flower, appears,  
Soon stripped of all its bloom;  
Swift as a shadow, fly the years,  
That bear him to the tomb.

O Lord! from earth's debasing chain,  
Assist us to get free;  
Nor let the world our hearts detain,  
Which should ascend to Thee.

Teach us, on things of lasting worth,  
To fix our constant trust,  
That, when this mouldering heap of earth  
Turns to its native dust,

The soul may spread its joyous wings  
And leave, without a sigh,  
Earth's fading, transitory things,  
For joys that never die."

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Isaiah lxiv. 6.

"As, crushed by sudden storms, the rose  
Sinks on the garden's breast,  
Down to the grave our brother goes,  
In earth's cold arms to rest.

No more with us, his youthful voice  
The hymn of praise shall swell ;  
No more his cheerful heart rejoice  
To hear the Sabbath bell.

Yet we believe, in yonder sphere,  
Amid a blessed throng,  
He warbles, to his Savior's ear,  
The everlasting song.

No more, then, mourn our buried friend,  
But lift the ardent prayer,  
And every wish and effort bend,  
To rise and join him there."

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REV. xiv. 13. "*And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.*"

**M E M O I R**  
**OF**  
**ELIZABETH M. AKARMAN.**

---

**‘MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—**

“DEATH’S shafts fly very thick ;” for scarcely have we closed one tomb upon the remains of a beloved companion, but we are called to open another, to admit a fresh tenant into its dark bosom. I spoke to you, on the last Sabbath, of the decease of a youth, who had been, for many years, a member of this school, and whose last days were made bright and happy, from his cordial reception of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I am now to tell you of the death of a female member of the school,—**ELIZABETH M. AKARMAN**, who has been one of our number for upwards of six years. Her happy spirit has burst from the



clay tabernacle, which had held it for sixteen years, and, we have good reason to believe, has found a sweet and everlasting resting-place in the bosom of its Savior.

It cannot be uninteresting to you, to learn some few particulars as to her last sickness, and to know what it was, that smoothed her passage to the grave. If those lips could speak, that are now sealed in silence, and that glad eye could look upon us, which lately sparkled with so much brightness and intelligence, we should see and hear what could not but impress us. The voice would be one of warning and encouragement; and you will hear, at the close of this account, the very words themselves.

It was in the month of May last, I first saw ELIZABETH in her sick room. She did not appear, to me, to realize how sick she was; and being about to pass a little time in the country, she had, undoubtedly, strong hopes of recovery. But, on the 14th July, she returned, not only without any gain, but evidently weaker. After a journey I took, of about four weeks, I called on her in the after-

noon, and found her much more feeble than when I saw her last. I conversed with her for some time ; and to the question, as to her hope in regard to the future, she said, "**SHE HAD NO HOPE OF HER SOUL.**" After conversing with her further, and prayer, I left her, with my heart sinking within me, that I could say nothing and do nothing to arouse and direct her mind.

I was again absent from the city, for some days ; and on the 29th of July, I saw her for an hour in the morning, and conversed very freely with her. She had become entirely satisfied, that her complaint was fatal, and that a little time only remained for her on earth. Her mind was rather more open, and her views, I thought, improving, though, as yet, without any hope of herself. I asked her if she was not satisfied that God was infinitely wise, and good, and powerful ? She said, "Yes." I asked her, then, if, in view of such a wise, good and powerful Being as God, she was not willing to leave herself in his hands ? She said, "Yes," I asked her whether she

thought she did not more and more see a loveliness and glory in the Savior, and more than she used to? She said, "she thought she did." I began to hope, from this, that a favorable change in her state was taking place; and I endeavored to show her the baseness and ingratitude of sin, and the happiness, as well as duty, of renouncing it; and handed her a little tract, on the "*Titles of Christ*," recommending her to look at one and another of these titles, and to endeavor, as she was able, to rest upon him for the day, sometimes as her *Rock*, at others as her *Surety*; sometimes as her *Advocate*,—sometimes as her *great Teacher*,—sometimes as her *High Priest*,—and sometimes as her *King*. I left her, with prayer, and indulging a hope, that the light might be breaking in upon her soul.

On the Sabbath following (31st July), she appeared, as I am informed by the family, in an interesting state of mind. She conversed more than usual, and told her mother, she had been committing to memory one of the "*Select Hymns*," which she thought described her

feelings better than she could herself. It begins,—

“T is a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought,  
Do I love the LORD, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?” &c.

Very providentially, a pious young man,—a friend of the family,—who was about leaving the city for several weeks, called to see Elizabeth, towards the evening of this Sabbath. He conversed with her very faithfully and fully, and prayed with her. She was evidently much interested in the conversation; and expressing her pleasure in it to her mother, the young friend was requested, after tea, to see her again. In this second interview, he pressed the subject of immediate submission to God; and the issue of the conversation was highly satisfactory. Upon one of the family going into the sick room, both were found weeping bitterly. “O, my dear A.,” said Elizabeth, “I have good news to tell you. I think I have given my heart to Christ. Do forgive me for all that I have said to you that

was unkind. Do call mother, that I may tell her." On seeing her mother, she repeated what she had said, and asked her forgiveness for all that she had ever done or said to her that was wrong. She then observed, "Mr. S. has made the way so plain, I could not resist any longer. I would not have believed I could have felt so different." She expressed great gratitude for the interest which Mr. S. took in promoting her soul's best interests, and said, "she should always love him, as long as she lived." She wanted all to pray for her, that she might have strength to keep the resolutions she had made. She said she felt too happy; and could hardly be prevailed on to retire to her bed. She lay, without sleep, till 4 o'clock the next morning. She then slept a little; and when she awoke, called her mother, and requested her "not to mention the change in her mind to every one that came in." "I want my pious friends to know it," she said, "but I will tell them myself; for, perhaps, I may be mistaken. I feel happy, and rejoice in a Savior's love; but perhaps it will not last." She was exceedingly modest, and diffi-

dent of herself; and was evidently fearful of taking too much encouragement. She conversed with her friends, as they came in, as far as her strength would allow; and all who saw her, feel perfectly satisfied that a great and saving change had been wrought in her mind. Several times, she expressed a feeling, as though she ought to love the Savior more, and wanted to experience something of that longing desire for Him which some Christians have on their sick beds.

I was absent again, from the city, part of the week, and called upon Elizabeth on Friday, Aug. 5, in the afternoon. I had been informed of the altered state of her mind before; but she was not aware that I knew it. She appeared unusually pleased to see me,—took me by the hand very cordially, in a different way from what she had ever done before, and said, “Mr. W., I have good news to tell you; and I know you will be glad to hear it. I think I have given my heart to Christ; and I have felt rejoiced, in being able to do so.” She wept with joy. I remarked, “You

have then found Christ to be indeed precious,—the chiefest among ten thousand, and one altogether lovely.” “I have,” she replied; “and I love to think of him, as he is discovered to me in the Gospel.” She felt, she said, as if she could now look on heaven as her home; and she saw a glory and excellence in the character of God, which she had never before beheld. I asked her, when she began to think and to feel so different from what she had done. She said she felt, the whole of last Sabbath, a *something* in her mind, which she could not describe;—a sort of impression, as though light was coming in, and her views of spiritual things were clearing. She then related the visit of the young friend, which I have before adverted to. She said she felt, at the close of that conversation, as if she could give up all; and she trusted she had given up her heart wholly and humbly to Christ. She had, from that time, felt a growing peace of mind, and confidence in God, and a holy joy, which she wanted words to express. “I expected you would call soon,” she added; “and

I wanted to tell you, with my own lips, how happy I was ; for I thought it would give you pleasure.'

"O, Mr. W.," said she, "how differently can I now answer those questions,\* which you sent me, from what I could last week!"

She attempted to commit the 119th *Psalms* to memory, from a little book, which contained this single Psalm ; but her strength was not equal to it. She, however, committed to memory a hymn which I had read to her, on a previous visit, commencing,—

"When languor and disease invade  
This feeble house of clay," &c.

She said, with great emphasis, "It is beautiful." She was much soothed, and apparently edified, with reading and hearing appropriate hymns. She turned to the hymn,—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"

and asked me to read it, as peculiarly sweet

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\* I had given a tract hand-bill, No. 18, headed, "*Important Questions*," to every scholar, the week before, and had sent one to her.



to her. After prayer,—which she uniformly asked me to offer, and in which she appeared to be much interested,—as I was about retiring, she desired me to call again as soon as I could.

I saw her on Monday, the 8th of August. She had been taken across the way, to a neighbor's house, for an hour, at her particular desire; but the effort was too much. She never left her room after this. I named to her a line, which a pious lad, who died lately, quoted to his father, with much feeling:

“Earth has no sorrow which Heaven cannot heal.”

She immediately pointed me to the line in the Memoir of Miss ANNA JANE LINNARD, which lay at her side; and it appeared to me, as if the line had struck her own mind very forcibly.

I was absent from the city again this week, and on Saturday, Aug. 13, called on Elizabeth again in the afternoon. I found her in a very calm and happy state of mind, and conversed with her some time. I read to her a little

article from "Nevins' Practical Thoughts," entitled, "ATTRACTIONS OF HEAVEN." She seemed much gratified with it. I spoke to her of the power of religion, in sustaining us under all trials, and the wonderful adaptation of the Gospel to all our multiplied and varied wants. She assented to the truth of the remark, with great readiness. She spoke to me of reading the 23d *Psalms*, with much pleasure. The book of *PSALMS*, she read in, during the few last days of her life, more than in any other. There was some conversation in the room, between myself and the sister of Elizabeth, on the subject of Christians recognizing each other in heaven. Elizabeth appeared to listen with great attention, but made no remark.

I saw her again on Friday, the 19th of August. For some days, her bodily weakness had made her feel very uncomfortable; and as she had seen several persons that day, and was somewhat exhausted, I told her mother, that perhaps I had better not then go into her room. She said she had asked Elizabeth, and she desired me to come in. I conversed with

her about thirty minutes. She was still weaker than when I last saw her; but, while the outward man was perishing, the inward man was sensibly renewed, day by day. I asked her of her hope in the Savior, and of her love to him. She said they remained as firm as ever. I observed, "You know, Elizabeth, on what you are building; and that, as a sinner, you come to the Savior, with nothing of your own to rest upon." She assented readily to this, and added, "I feel ready to go, whenever God sees it right to take me." She said to me, in the course of the conversation, that she did not always read the Bible and hymns with the same sweet feeling. She did not know what it was owing to, but she could occasionally see a force and beauty in some passages, which, at another time, would be overlooked. I asked her, if she did not feel something of the same difficulty in prayer,—being at times more free and full than at others? She said, "O, yes;" and she seemed relieved, to find that others had a like cold and straitened mind beside herself. In this connection, she spoke of the hymn beginning,—

"What various hindrances we meet," &c.,

with great pleasure, as what was her own experience. On leaving, I said, "Perhaps I had better omit praying with you,—as I have been accustomed to do,—on account of your being fatigued." "O, no," she said. "If you please, make a short prayer." She loved to hear the voice of prayer, at all times, and appeared sensibly refreshed by it.

I spoke to her, just as I was leaving, of young *Cummings*, and observed, I wished he felt as she did. With a great deal of tenderness, and her bright eye turned full upon me, she said, "O, I wish he did!" How little, sweet spirit! did you imagine that your prayer would be answered within four short days!

For some days, I was again absent from the city, and called, for a short time, on Elizabeth, on the 27th, and again on the 31st of August. I found her bodily strength very small, but her faith steadfast, and her hope bright. During her sickness, she had been fearful that she should be impatient; and seemed, sometimes,

to desire, with peculiar earnestness, that the Savior would take her to himself. At one time, she said to me, with as much voice as her great weakness would allow, "O, why is Christ so long in coming?"

On Sept. 2d, Friday morning, early, I was informed, by the family, that Elizabeth was thought to be dying; and they requested me to see her. It seems, she felt her end was very near, at about 2 o'clock in the morning; and, at her desire, her immediate relatives were sent for. She told them, she wished to see them once more; and took an affectionate leave of them all, sending appropriate messages to several absent friends. To the questions occasionally asked her, as to the state of her mind, she gave very satisfactory replies, and signified that she felt herself very happy, exclaiming, "O, happy, happy!" She was asked, how death appeared to her? "Sweet, sweet," she said, "to fall into the arms of Jesus!" For several hours, she was speechless; and then reviving a little, looked round, and asked for some one to pray with her, adding, "I did not think my Savior would be so

long coming at the last." She waited for a few moments, and then asked to have her Superintendent sent for, that he might pray with her once more. After I had been a little time with her, I asked if her hope remained steady, and her trust and confidence in the Savior unshaken? She replied, "Yes," with great distinctness and composure. She said that "CHRIST WAS VERY PRECIOUS TO HER." She said, "she had a strong desire to depart." I told her, JOB said, "I will wait till my change come." She said, "I have not the patience of Job." When I had prayed with her, she thanked me for coming, though it was difficult now for her to speak. After this, she revived considerably, and obtained some sleep, for several hours. I saw her again at about 1 o'clock, P. M. She was easier in body, and lay very composed. I spoke to her of that sweet promise,—“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee;” and of that, also, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” She appeared to have these promises realized to her, in an eminent degree. I asked her, if she

had any message she would like to send to her young friends of the Sabbath school? She intimated, by the motion of her head towards her sister, that she had sent one ; but I ascertained it was not to be delivered to me till after her death.

I saw her again, at about 6 o'clock in the afternoon,—the last time I was permitted the privilege of seeing her alive. It was very difficult for her to speak ; but she was perfectly sensible, entirely calm and collected, and readily knew those about her. In a faint whisper to her mother, she requested that I might once more pray with her. Her mother remarked to me, that she seemed soothed and supported with the voice of prayer. I offered rather praise to God, for his supporting and comforting presence, and confided her to the great Shepherd, to bear her safely to the land of promise. I felt that I was not to see her again in the flesh ; and on leaving, reminded her, once more, of the precious promises on which she had been leaning. **"I WILL MAKE ALL THY BED IN THY SICKNESS,"** she had found to be true in her own experience ; and I as-

sured her, that I believed God was now fulfilling his gracious promises to her, in the composure of her mind,—in her steadfast faith and hope in Him,—and in her freedom from distressing pains of body. She assented with her head. The last question I ever asked her, which was just as I was coming away, was, whether her confidence was as strong as ever,—and if she did not find the Savior still precious, as she had done? She said, “Yes,” very distinctly. During the day, she remained comparatively easy. She had suffered for several days, from shortness of breath, &c., more than for several weeks previous.

Observing her mother weeping at her side, she said, “Mother, it is wrong for you to want me to stay here, when I shall be so happy, and when I shall be with my Savior.” She said but little after this, only that she was happy,—happy to the last.\* At half past 4 o’clock, on the morning of the 3d instant, her immortal spirit was disengaged from the body ;

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\* About half an hour before she expired, her mother asked if she knew her ? She replied by a kiss. She had no power to speak.



and ascended, I doubt not, to that world of glory, into which she had been eagerly looking for many days.

During the sickness of ELIZABETH, I am informed that she frequently called for her little books and papers which she had received at the Sabbath school, from her teacher and others ; and would often remark, that it was delightful to sit and look over them, now that she was deprived of going there. She said, it brought to her mind how many privileges she had there enjoyed, and how many good lessons she had there been taught.

Her mother was about writing to a cousin of Elizabeth, and asked if she had any message to send ? " Yes," said Elizabeth, " tell her I never expect to see her again in this world, but hope I shall meet her in heaven ;—and tell her not to put off seeking an interest in Christ, till she comes to a bed of sickness ; but that now is the time, while she is in health."

To a friend who spoke to her of the change in her appearance since the last winter ; " yes," said she, " **YOU SEE THAT THERE IS A CHANGE IN MY BODY ;—BUT, WHAT IS OF MORE CONSE-**

QUENCE, I FEEL THAT THERE IS A CHANGE IN MY MIND,—AND A HAPPY CHANGE IT IS." She said, "God has spared me thus long, that he might change my wicked heart. O, I am afraid I am not grateful enough for this goodness. Do pray for me that I may feel more grateful."

At another time being asked if she had any fear of death, "O, no," said she, "I am both ready and willing to go; but God is sparing my life now, to see if my patience will hold out. I am afraid it will not."

Seeing one of the family preparing to attend a union choir meeting at Bowdoin Street Church, she was asked if she should like to go? She said, "I should like to hear them sing very much, but I will try to wait with patience, for I shall soon be where I shall hear a choir of angels singing, and that will be far better."

Her sister asked if there was any petition she wished especially to have offered at the Sabbath school, on Sabbath morning, August 28th. She said, "Pray that I may have patience."

She was asked if she had any message for the school. She said, "Yes; after I am dead and gone, Mr. W. may tell them what I say."

#### ELIZABETH'S MESSAGE.

*"LET Mr. W. tell the scholars, that since I have been sick, I have often thought of them, and of the many precious privileges they are enjoying from Sabbath to Sabbath; and tell them that I do hope they will make a better improvement of them than I used to, when I went to the Sabbath school; but I now take a great deal of pleasure in thinking about what my teacher and superintendent used to say. Read your Bibles, and be much in prayer, and love the Savior who died for you, and be assured you will be happy. Do this while you are in health, and not put it off till you come to a bed of sickness. Be prepared for sickness, and for death. Oh! the hour of death, without an interest in Christ, must be dreadful! Do be prepared for such an event,—it comes at an hour when we think not, and sometimes when we are*

*least prepared ; but I trust you will remember the dying request of your friend ; and then we shall all meet in heaven,—superintendent, teachers and scholars. That we may, is the sincere desire of your friend,*

ELIZABETH."

To all of us, in this school,—teachers and scholars,—another solemn and impressive lesson is taught, in relation to the great object which has led us to associate. Our grand business here, is to learn the will of God, and so to listen to the motives which his Word presents, that we may faithfully do it. Every Sabbath, probably, takes from some teacher an opportunity of being useful, which was once enjoyed,—and prevents some child from attending to important instructions, which were once faithfully given. The present moment is all we can, any of us, count upon, and eternal consequences may be suspended on its improvement.

To the class of which Elizabeth was a member, the voice of admonition and invitation

is, indeed, loud and solemn. One of its number, of about Elizabeth's age, was taken to the Savior's arms, in 1832; and now, her teacher has resigned another spirit for the abodes of the blessed.

From this teacher, I first learned the sickness of Elizabeth;—and to her, was this beloved pupil indebted for much thorough and useful instruction, and for many kind and valuable attentions throughout her whole sickness. What a happy meeting will that be, when gathered home to glory in their Father's house on high, they will think of this Sabbath school, where they first met, and conversed about God and heaven, and the soul's best interest!

This account of our young friend is full of instruction. It shows us particularly the value of the SABBATH SCHOOL, and affords new encouragement for the teacher to be faithful, and for the scholar to be attentive. Elizabeth was connected with the class of Miss P., for three years. And I am informed that she was uniformly punctual in her attendance,—absent

only when prevented by sickness;—and her lessons were thoroughly studied in the week, so that she became well acquainted with the truths and doctrines of the Bible. When her mind was enlightened, through the teachings of the Holy Spirit,—and she began to *feel* as well as *know* the truth,—then the instructions she had received, and the passages of Scripture she had committed to memory, came to her mind with great power, and assisted her much in the views she took of the great things of eternity.

My dear friends, what can I add to these things, and to the most affecting appeal, which the message of our departed sister presents you, in her own words, placed on paper, as she dictated them! Is it not a voice from heaven, crying to us, “Come up hither?” Shall this beloved sister die in vain? Do not many hearts, at this very moment, feel that they have too long put off the concerns of their soul; and are there not, through the gentle strivings of the SPIRIT, in this solemn hour, some holy resolutions forming in many breasts, that they

will henceforth live for God? Cherish,—O, cherish the good purpose, and let it appear in the great day, that the message of ELIZABETH, was, indeed, the message of God, and proved the messenger of mercy to your souls!

## HYMNS

AND

### SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES,

*With reference to the late ELIZABETH M. AKERMAN, a member  
of Mason Street Sabbath School (who died, happy in the  
hope of salvation through Jesus Christ, on Sat-  
urday, Sept. 3, 1836, aged 16 years);  
used by the School, on Sabbath  
afternoon, Sept. 11, 1836.*

---

### HYMN.

Joh i. 20, 21.

"OUR hearts are fastened to this world,

By strong and numerous ties :  
And every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.

When God would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantment end,  
He takes the most effectual way,  
And robs us of a friend.

Since vain all here, all future vast,  
Embrace the lot assigned ;  
Heaven wounds to heal ; its frowns are friends ;  
Its strokes severe, most kind.



O, for that summit of my wish,  
 Whilst here I draw my breath,  
 The promise of ETERNAL LIFE,  
 A glorious smile in DEATH."

---

SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES,

Read alternately by the Superintendent and school.

*Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.*

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever  
 thou hadst formed the earth, and the world,  
*Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.*

Thou turnest man to destruction,  
*And sayest, return ye children of men.*

I know that I shall be brought to death,  
*And to the house appointed for all living.*

One generation cometh,  
*And another goeth.*

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?  
*Shall he deliver his soul from the grave?*

We brought nothing into this world,  
*And it is certain we can carry nothing out.*

Some come to their grave in a full age;  
*Others die in their strength, at ease and quiet;*  
 And others in the bitterness of their souls.

*Young men are cut off from the streets;*  
 Children are far from safety.

*The voice said "cry,"*  
 And he said, "what shall I cry?"  
*All flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof, is as*  
*the flower of the field.*

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth,  
*But the word of our God shall stand for ever.*

Man goeth to his long home,  
*And the mourners go about the streets.*

Lover and friend hast thou put far from me,  
*And mine acquaintance into darkness.*

You will go to her,  
*But she shall not return to you.*

But the Lord liveth, he is the same,  
*And his years shall not fail.*

God is a refuge in the day of affliction;  
*The father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows.*

I, even I, saith the Lord, am he that comforteth thee.  
*Affliction cometh not forth of the dust;*  
 Neither doth trouble spring out of the ground.

*This is the LORD's doing,*  
And in his hand is the soul of every living thing.

*Hear the rod,*  
And who hath appointed it.

*No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but  
grievous ;*  
Nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable  
fruit of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby.

*All things work together for good,*  
To them who love God.

*Weep with them that weep.*  
Jesus wept.

*The time is short, and the fashion of this world passeth away.*  
What, then, is a man profited, if he shall gain the  
whole world, and lose his own soul ?

*Turn not away from him that speaketh from heaven.*  
How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ?

*There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.*  
But great peace have they who love God's law.

*The righteous are taken away from the evil to come.*  
They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

*For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them ; and shall lead them unto living fountains of water.*

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

*Wherefore, comfort ye one another with these words.*

---

H Y M N .

“Friend after friend departs :  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end.  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond the reign of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime,  
Where life is not a breath ;  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
A long eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone ;  
And faith beholds the dying here,  
Translated to that glorious sphere.

**62      A SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFERING.**

Thus, star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away ;  
As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day :  
Nor sink the stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

---

**H Y M N .**

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not  
deplere thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb ;  
Thy SAVIOR has passed through its portal before  
thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold  
thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy  
side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,  
And sinners may die, for the sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion  
forsaking,

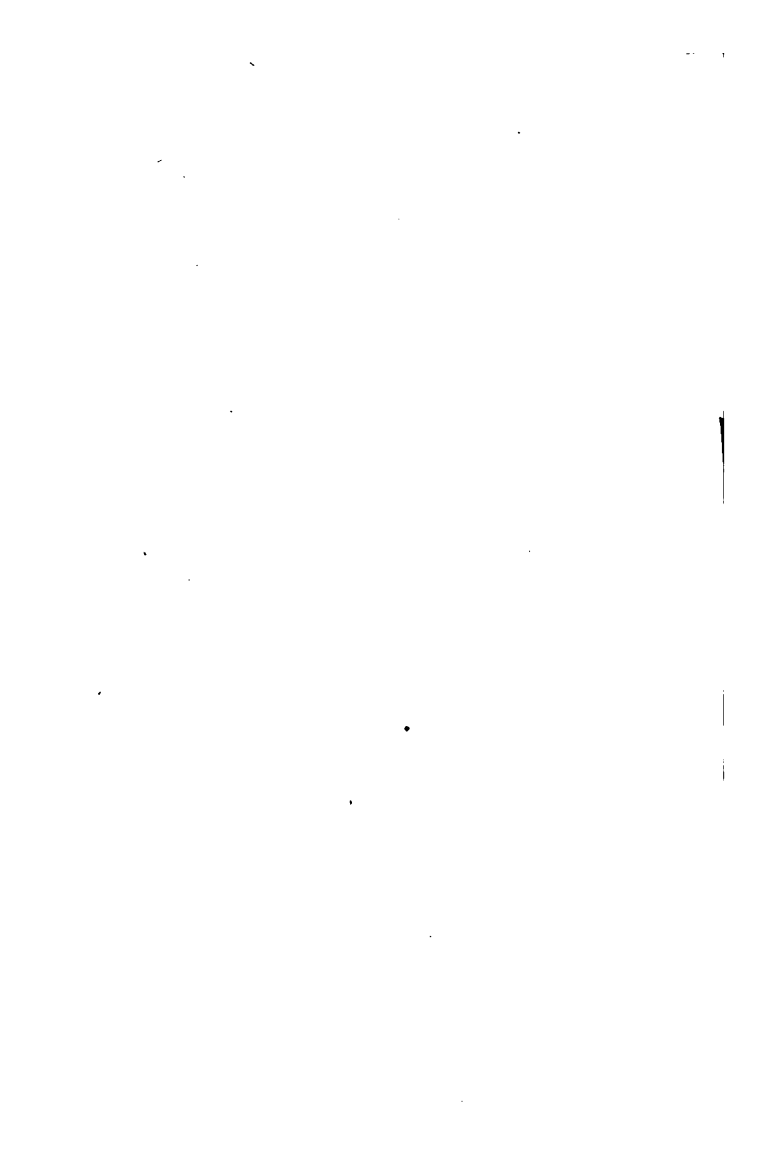
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;  
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was the ser-  
aphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not  
deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and  
guide;  
He gave thee—He took thee—and He will restore  
thee,  
*And death has no sting, for the Savior has died."*

---

*Jesus Christ says, "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND  
THE LIFE: HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME,  
THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET  
SHALL HE LIVE."*



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